

# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 220.]

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[PRICE 2d.]

## Sheffield, Yorkshire.



THE above engraving correctly represents the large and populous manufacturing town of Sheffield, in the West Riding of Yorkshire; which is beautifully situated on an eminence at the confluence of the rivers Sheaf and Don. The town takes its name from the former stream, which bounds it on the east, and the latter on the north. Over the Don is a stone bridge of five arches, called Lady's bridge, erected in the year 1485, and repaired in 1763; over the Sheaf is a bridge of one arch. Sheffield extends about a mile from north to south, and above three quarters from east to west; and few places can boast of more handsome and regular streets. It is surrounded by hills of considerable height, which command fine prospects of the town and vicinity, and add greatly to the romantic situation of the place. Though the smoke of the manufactories tends to give a sombre appearance, yet the town is far from being dull, and is well furnished as well with the elegancies as the conveniences of life. The churches are four in number; and the principal public buildings are the town-hall, cutlers' hall, the general infirmary, the assembly-room, and the theatre.

The manufactories, for which Sheffield has been so long noted, are of two great divisions, viz., those of cutlery and plated

goods; and these branch out into numerous ramifications, each of which constitutes a distinct business, though several manufacturers carry on several of them together. Besides these vast operations, there are in the town and its vicinity several extensive founderies for iron, brass, and white metal. The master manufacturers of Sheffield, in 1025, were incorporated under the title of the "Company of Cutlers of Hallamshire," the name of the district or liberty in which the town is situated. The government of this corporation is vested in a master, who is chosen annually, six searchers, and twenty-four assistants; and is the only body of tradesmen incorporated in the town. Sheffield appears to have been noted so early as in the thirteenth century, as a staple for iron manufactures; and Chaucer, (who, by the bye, we shall notice in our second illustration, for the present number of the MIRROR,) mentions the "Sheffield whittle" in one of his poems. The origin and remote history of Sheffield are unknown; but in former times it was distinguished for its castle, a strong fortress, situated on the north-east of the town, near the union of the two rivers, and supposed to have been built during the reign of Henry III. During the civil wars it sustained a siege, and was afterwards demolished.

VOL. VIII.

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## My Common-Place Book.

## No. XIV.

*Hasty Journal of an Old Fyle who put foot in the Highlands during the summer of 1818.*

*Continued from page 230.)*

At Alloa, a Mr. S— joined us; and, being a shrewd and intelligent Scotchman, became an agreeable acquisition to our little party. One o'clock of the day on which we arrived at this pleasant place found us in a post-chaise, travelling towards Stirling, a journey of seven miles, Scotch. No adventure worthy of record 'n this mine exemplary journal occurring on the road, we entered Stirling. Verily the entrance to the town is singularly fine and imposing. The flag was waving triumphantly on the venerable castle walls, and the afternoon's sunlight was gloriously illuminating the scene. Our resting-place for some time was at Mason's inn, a place by no means to be contemned, as all who are disposed to try may find by blessed experience.—Grand divan sitting as to the subject of our route—nothing absolutely resolved on as yet. Sallied out, at length, in full company. Visited the church, which formerly was dignified with the name of cathedral, now, alas! metamorphosed into two kirks, one of which was in an unfinished state. From thence we proceeded to the Castle-Walk. Gentle reader! you cannot imagine what rapture seized me at almost every step of our advance. The prospect was inexpressibly fine around the whole country for many miles, and the promenade was enough to throw any cockney into positive fits of ecstasy. To the castle straight, way went we, accompanied in our way round by a sentinel. With mingled feelings of pleasure and curiosity, we viewed the venerable and ancient palace of the royal Fitzjames, now absolutely turned into a magazine for arms, and all manner of weapons, offensive and defensive. The sculpture around its exterior, although much mutilated, struck me as highly curious. Close adjoining it is the chapel in which James VI. was baptized; that also is turned into an armoury. Through passages and portcullises we passed to the parapet; and there a prospect perfectly overwhelming burst on our astonished sight. Never was there a more favourable day; clear and sunny, and all that heart could desire. The highly-cultivated, and yet fine romantic scenery, were beautifully combined; and the singular zigzag windings of the Forth failed not to attract our most unmingled admiration.

The castle of Stirling is built on a rock,

which rises very considerably above the level of the sea, and was deemed, in former days, impregnable. The varied strata of the rocky substance is abundantly curious, and deserving of attention. On account of the charming site and superlative prospect of this fortress, it was a much frequented residence of the Scottish monarchs, especially of the Stuart family. James III. first raised it to the dignity of a palace, and added the chapel to it; to procure funds for the proper support of which, he suppressed Coldingham Priory, and endowed it with the revenues thereof. How gloriously sunk the luminary of day behind Demyt! The range of the Pehil hills, which bound the caire of Stirling to the east, was magnificently lit up by the descending sun, and brightly glittered in the almost glooming Forth's unrivalled windings on the plain, which make the distance by water, from Alloa to this place, full twenty-four miles! On the north-west arose the boundary of the Grampian mountains, and Ben Lomond was rising with its blue mist curling around it, sternly and yet beautifully in the distance. Enveloped with a stone wall, appears on the south-west a considerable place, called the King's Park, where, it is said, the court were wont to divert themselves with the hunting of the deer, which provedered therein. East of the said part are the gardens, once royal, and doubtless worthy of the name; of the parterres and promenades, vestiges are yet to be seen. In the midst is a mound of earth, called the *King's Knoll*, with seats of earth around it; where many a merry and courtly game of high pinks was probably played by the worthies who have departed from the memory of man, and live but in the rolls of tradition. The Castle-hill presents us with the sight of a hollow, yelped the Valley, in extent somewhat about an acre of ground, which has all the appearance of a work of art. The knowing say that it was used for tilts and tournaments, with various other chivalric amusements; and, in good sooth, one would credit them. But a volume would be requisite, yea, even a comely octavo, to do the surrounding country justice.

Falkirk, the famed plain of Bannockburn, Carron's stream, &c. need only to be named to convey to the mind of the intelligent reader a host of associations of no ordinary interest, that will doubtless rush into his mind. But evening was advancing, and having walked completely round the parapets, we resumed our way by the Castle-Walk homewards, bidding adieu to a scene, the splendour and loveliness of which can never be forgotten.

Ye classic folds, where valour bled!  
Where patriots fell, but never fled!  
Ye plains, with smiling plenty clad,  
A long adieu!

A dark'ning cloud—  
Obscures the view!

Sauntering towards the inn, at which we had fixed our head-quarters, our attention was attracted by some whittings which were extended along the wall of a mean-looking cottage, but looked nevertheless most tempting to a set of hungry wights, such as we certainly were. Upon entering the cottage to make some trivial inquiry respecting them, we were answered by an awful-looking woman, who clenched her hand and gnashed her teeth at us, while civilly requesting an answer to our interrogatory. The Elspeth of "The Antiquary" immediately occurred to my mind. Poor body! she had better have been gathered to the slumbers of the grave, for those she loved in her young rejoicing days had been long, long in that "house appointed for all living."

Her story is a brief one, and I must tell it. The gude town of Kilmarnock, in Ayrshire, contained the humble cot where she dwelt, an orphan, but contented and happy in her comparative poverty and humble lot. She was beautiful, as are very many of the blithe country lasses of Caledonia; and she had given her entire affectionate heart to a weaver, an inhabitant of the same place, whose only patrimony was his persevering industry and honest worth. The American war was then at its height, and there was a demand for numerous recruits in that quarter. Duncan was enlisted. To the place of embarkation Jean accompanied him, with a tearless eye, but a most desolate heart. Many a fond mother, sister, and beloved lass walked along with the dear ones they were never likely to see again. The sight was most affecting. At length the signal for a final farewell was given. The bagpipes struck up that most heart-touching of all tunes, "*Lochaber no more*;" there wasn't a dry eye in the whole assembly, but poor Jean's. With a piercing cry of despair, she fell on the spot from which her lover had departed, and the light of reason had gone for ever! Where he fell, gallantly fighting with his breast to the foe, on Bunker's-hill, Duncan was buried; and some distant, but kind relatives were, in the hands of a gracious Providence, instrumental, that the bread of the poor demented "should be given her, and her water sure."

Mason's inn hove in sight in no time, as with rapid step, and jaws in "pretty considerably fine" case for mas-

tication, we rushed towards it. To our excessive dismay, the difficulty of procuring dinner was great and grievous. After manifold applications, however, at the bell, it arrived. Two strangers sat down with us; a simple, quiet-looking Scot, and a young Southron, with white trapsticks, *Anglice* unmentionables, and a remarkably long, sharp nose. Dinner was discussed by one and all in profound silence; and never was a more effective tune of the knife and fork description played on any occasion. Breathing time, nevertheless, arrived too in due season, for eating *will* take away the appetite; and our acquaintance before mentioned, with the memorable nose, took as early an opportunity as possible of telling us that he was a pedestrian—detailed the ground over which he had travelled—and before we had given him a hint as to our own views, told us coolly that his destination was the same as the one we had chalked out for ourselves, very eagerly, nay, anxiously, at the same time, proffering himself as a companion. "Nothing can be finer," quoth he, "or more mutually convenient."—Inspired by the excellent whisky-toddy, genuine Farintosh, in an evil hour we unadvisedly encouraged his advances at first; but as the conversation proceeded, and he, of the white trapsticks and unseemly nozzle, tipped us, along with some *curious* adventures, of which himself was the hero, not a few good set unequivocal oaths, by way of giving life and elegance to the narratives, we began forthwith to draw in our horns. Nothing, however, was *he* daunted. He had got the ball at his foot, and he kept it up, filled with delectation at his own stories and jokes, till at length, after a broadside of monosyllabic answers from us, his conversation became an utter soliloquy. After enduring this for some brief time, we sheered off for a walk, although it was somewhat dark, and united in one continued howl of lamentation at the prospect of such an unwelcome intrusion, and the present difficulty of escaping therefrom. We came finally to the determination of giving him the cut direct, and start in a post-chaise on the following morning, as early as half-past four o'clock. The vehicle was accordingly ordered with all due secrecy. Supper-time again brought us in contact with the enemy. A little toddy was discussed; but we managed to keep a fair and respectable distance from our sharp-nosed fellow-traveller, with intent to compel him to drop any future designs against our peace.

To roost I went in moderate time, but not, alas! to sleep. The combination of

strong ale, ginger-beer, and whisky-toddy created fever and furious dreams whenever I was lucky enough to come in for a dose. The man with the nose appeared to me, and the cantrips he cut about the point of a large Whitechapel-needle, until he vanished in a mingled flame of blue and bottle-green, I can never attempt to describe. At the hour agreed upon, I was, nevertheless, afloat; and though any thing but comfortable, started with our party for Callander, in high chuckle at having choused our persecutor. The driver had notice to go over the ground at a good pace, and we passed merrily along, the fine morning air dispelling my head-ache, &c. the beautiful varieties of the pleasant country through which we passed, diverting my mind.

Crossed the Brig o' Frith, and arrived at Doune. The former is a very interesting stream; and the latter, as peaceful and primitive a little village as could well be seen. While the animals were getting refocussed, my friends went to take a hasty survey of the old castle, which is a fine ruin. I stood at the door of the small public house, and contented myself with viewing it in combination with the surrounding country. Many cogitations were beginning to crowd into my mind, which were prematurely throttled by a most unlooked-for calamity. Our party came in breathless speed, and with horror depicted upon their faces, declaring that the adversary, together with his nose, was just at hand! It was a moment of agony. The water of the clear-flowing Teith, which was glittering in a jug before us, the excellent oaten-cakes, and last, but not least, the stoup of elegant whisky, were straightway abandoned, and we drove off with great rapidity; not, however, before we had obtained an undeniable view of our pursuer, making his way on foot through Doune, with the most unexampled and persevering diligence! Remark, sweet (if you be a young lady and pretty withal, if not, whoever you are, *gentle*) reader, that the afore-named village is half-way between Stirling and Callander, the place of our destination! The four wheels rolled joyously onwards, and we were anon roused to an unqualified admiration of the entrance to Callander, which is really fine. The village is a small and neat one, situated at the base of Benledi, and completely embosomed in lofty and magnificent mountains. I remember few things with more true and unsophisticated affection than the Highland breakfasts, and among them, the one we procured at this place was worthy of a distinguished niche in the temple of memory. When it was finished, we paid

our respects to the minister of the parish, who, worthy, honest man, received us very kindly at his comfortable and well-furnished manse. We were constrained to take our meridian with him, and whisky was the order of the day. For some little time we strolled about, angling for whatever oddities and beauties the place afforded, and then quietly returned to the inn. Arriving there, we were accosted with a grin of politeness by our friend, whose head, not forgetting his nose, appeared thrust out at one of the windows, to our inextinguishable confusion and terror! The thing was now really beyond a joke. We had intended originally to spend the remainder of the day at Callander; but now it was out of the question. It was resolved, therefore, to walk the next stage to the Trossachs, to the St. Ant's at Ardnakenyachrochan, or Ardchinchrochan, (the top of the hill), the distance of which was nine miles Scotch. Engaging for this purpose a Highland lad, named Stachacher, or Robertson, to carry our luggage, we started without another moment's delay. The lad was really a shrewd, intelligent, and agreeable fellow, not more than eighteen years of age. He amused us much, and edified us not a little by the information he gave us as we proceeded, about the people and country. The defence he made of smuggling was ingenious, and positively not very easy to answer; in fact, he floored us all. It seems the ministers about the Highlands are cautious never to uplift their voices from the pulpit against this practice. Walking, however, we found stiff work. The weather was intensely hot. Being provided with some good "mountain dew" and biscuits, we sat down, after having traversed nearly half our journey, by a bridge, through which flowed a small, clear, wimpling burn; eat, drank, and washed ourselves, and then started once more with renewed vigour, expressing, with something like a dry laugh, a wish for the loan of the unaccountable legs of the knight of the white trapsticks and marvellous nose. Scarcely had we given vent to the wish, when we actually caught a glimpse of that worthy, trampoosing with all his might and main, before us, on the same road! "Talk o' the deed, and he'll appear," was the watchword, and we slackened our pace, yet fervently hoping for deliverance out of his merciless clutches.

Tim. Cobgkin.

(To be continued.)

## ON CHURCH MUSIC AND PSALMODY.

*(For the Mirror.)*

THE use of music in religious worship has prevailed in all nations from the remotest ages. The ancient heroes were of opinion that it appeased the anger of the gods, for which reason their public devotion was generally attended with a concert of voices and instruments.

Music has likewise been consecrated to religion, both by the Jews and Christians; and the former made use of trumpets, drums, and cymbals, joined with the voices of the Levites and people; but the music of the ancient Christians was plain and solemn, and consisted only in singing hymns, or psalms, with joint voices.

The Priscillianists (so called from their leader Priscillian, a Spaniard by birth, and bishop of Avila) pretended to show, among their apocryphal writings, the hymn which our blessed Lord sung with his disciples after his last supper. But it is generally supposed, that they sung the hymn which the Jews were used to sing after eating the passover.

As to the persons concerned in singing, sometimes a single person sung alone; sometimes the whole assembly joined together, which was the most ancient and general practice. At other times the psalms were sung alternately, the congregation dividing themselves into two parts, and singing a verse by turns. There was also a fourth way of singing, pretty common in the fourth century, which was, when a single person began the verse, and the people joined with him in the close; this was often used for variety, in the same service with alternate psalmody.

Of the hundred and fifty psalms of David, they have most of them a particular title, signifying either the name of the author, the person who was to set it to music or sing it, the instrument that was to be used, or the subject and occasion of it. Some have imagined, says an authority, that David was the sole author of the Book of Psalms; but the titles of many of them prove the contrary, as Psalm xix, which appears to have been written by Moses. Many of the Psalms are inscribed with the names Korah, Jeduthun, &c., from the persons who were to sing them. Psalm lxxii. and cxxvii are under the name of Solomon; the former being composed by David for the use of his son, and the latter supposed by Solomon himself. The authority and canonicalness of the Book of Psalms, has always been acknowledged both by Jews and Christians. However,

nothing can be a greater argument of its obscurity than the great number of commentaries upon them. Sternhold, one of the grooms of the privy-chamber to Edward VI, set about a translation of the Psalms; but he only went through thirty-seven of them, the rest being soon after done by Hopkins and others. This translation was at first discountenanced by many of the clergy, who looked upon it as done in opposition to the practice of chanting the Psalms in cathedrals; "and, indeed," says Broughton, "the use of these singing Psalms is rather connived at than allowed; since no one could ever discover any authority for it, either from the crown or convocation."

Psalmody appears to have been always esteemed a considerable part of devotion, and usually performed in the standing posture; and as to the manner of pronunciation, the plain song was sometimes used, being a gentle inflection of the voice, not much different from reading, like the chant in our cathedrals; at other times more artificial compositions were used, like our anthems.

The use of musical instruments in the singing of psalms, seems to be as ancient as psalmody itself; the first psalm we read of being sung to the timbrel, viz. that of Moses and Miriam, after the deliverance of the Israelites from Egypt; and afterwards, musical instruments were in constant use in the temple of Jerusalem. When the use of organs was introduced into the Christian church, is not certainly known; but we may learn its antiquity from the Holy Bible, which says, that Jubal the sixth from Adam, was the father of such as handle the harp and organ.

"When we consider (says an excellent divine) the performance of sacred music as a duty, much is to be learned from it. If music is a gift of God to us for our good, it ought to be used as such for the improvement of the understanding, and the advancement of devotion. All our church music tends to keep up our acquaintance with the Psalms, those divine compositions, of which none can feel the sense, as music makes them feel it, without being edified. The sacred harp of David will still have the effect it once had upon Saul; it will quiet the disorders of the mind, and drive away the enemies of our peace." (Vide MIRROR, No. 132, vol. v.)

F. R. Y.

## MEDALS.

(For the Mirror.)

To those who are desirous of taking a correct copy of engravings of coins and medals, and are not much acquainted with drawing, the following method will be found to answer extremely well, while at the same time the copy will nearly equal the original.

Take some fine tissue or transparent tracing paper and lay it over the engraving, then with a fine pointed black-lead pencil go over the lines very carefully; take it off, and with a crow quill, or fine hair brush, mark over your pencil marks with India ink; then with a pair of scissors cut out your drawing, and paste it upon yellow wove, or drawing-paper, with thick gum water.

*To take a correct Drawing of the Medal itself.*

In attempting this, quite a different method must be pursued; as in taking a drawing in this way the tissue paper will be of no use. I was led into this method from repeated trials:—Lay tinfoil upon the coin or medal you wish to take a drawing of, and with the point of a wooden skewer rub it till you get a good impression of the medal on the tin foil, as recommended by your correspondent in No. 109 of the MIRROR; then with a fine camel's hair brush carefully mark with India ink the outline, letters, &c. on the underside of this rubbing; damp the paper you design laying your drawing upon, then lay your tinfoil with the inked side upon the paper, and with an ivory knife, or something smooth and hard, press it on the paper, and you will have an exact drawing of the medal; a press would be much better. It will be necessary to retouch the drawing upon the paper. S.

## THE LAST OF HIS RACE.

(For the Mirror.)

He lingers—of his lordly race  
The last—the saddest one—  
Though great his ills, yet o'er his face  
No lines of sorrow run,  
The vial of despair was spent,  
He felt not grief or pain,  
His heart was now asunder rent,  
He never wept again!

There were no lights within his mind  
To cheer the spirit's gloom,  
No purple specks day leaves behind,  
And twilight grey gives room,  
The world might bend on him its frown,  
And Scorn her arrows rain,  
Unheeded poured their thunder down  
He never wept again!

He wept not—for he had no tears,  
And woe had done its worst,  
He shed them o'er his kinsmen's biers;  
Why died he not the first?  
No, recked were his lot, dark or fair,  
Yet did he ne'er complain,  
No, though alone—unheeded there,  
He never wept again!

He wept not, tears to him would be  
The kindest gift of Heaven,  
To him so great a luxury,  
Shall not on earth be given!  
His tears fall not—he must not fall,  
Though gone the fettering chain,  
That bound to earth, his loved, his all,  
He never wept again!

He mingled not with other men,  
For joy was in each eye,  
They recked not him, most smiling when  
His darkest hour was nigh!  
As one of evil he was known,  
A mark for wrong, disdain,  
Whom grief had spent her all, upon,  
Yet wept he not again.

## STANZAS.

The dew drop is never so clear,  
As when morning's first ray sees it glisten;  
And music is never so dear,  
As when to its last note we listen.

Though bright may be rapture's first mien,  
And its parting adieu even sweeter;  
The enjoyment existing between  
Is a vision, and vanishes fleetly.

We never know how we have lov'd  
'Till what we most lov'd has departed;  
For the strength of affection is prov'd  
By the joyless and desolate hearted.

Our pleasures are born but to die,  
They are link'd to our hearts but to sever;  
And like stars shooting down a dark sky,  
Shine loveliest when fading for ever.

## A FAREWELL.

FAREWELL is said, but something more  
Affection claims, nor will forego—  
Some charm to add to memory's store,  
Although it prove but treasure'd woe.

Farewell—it is a hackney'd word,  
Which many a one hath said to thee  
Unheeding if his wish were heard,  
And what are such 'twixt thee and me?

A word is cold, I linger yet;  
Then kiss me, sweet—Time swiftly steals;  
Looks, sighs, and words we may forget,  
But kisses are love's lasting seals.

AN Irishman having occasion to saddle a horse, put the saddle on the wrong way; when, being told of his error, he replied, "how do you know which way I am going to ride?"



**The Waverley Novels.**

No. VIII.

**THE HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN.***(Concluded from page 243.)*

WE are now introduced to the family of David Deans, a most religious and respectable old man, of the rank of a farmer, Jeannie Deans, his eldest daughter, manifested an admirable steadfastness of character; while Effie, for her beauty, named the Lily of St. Leonard's, was ten years younger, and by another mother, and was accessible to flattery and seduction. She was volatile and lively, and, at the time we commenced with, had, after gradually sinking from happiness and gaiety to ill health, despondency, and misery, been missing for some time, and was afterwards seized on suspicion of concealing her pregnancy and murdering her infant. In Scotland, the crime was punishable with death; and although no evidence appeared for or against her, she admitted the former part of the accusation, but entirely denied the latter. She also refused to name her seducer, or those with whom she had been placed during her confinement.

Early on the morning following the day of Porteous's death, Butler was "standing with his arms across; and waiting the slow progress of the sun above the horizon"—now sitting upon one of the numerous fragments which storms had detached from the rocks above him, and meditating, alternately, upon the horrible catastrophe which he had witnessed, and on the melancholy news of Effie Deans' situation. Eight o'clock in the morning was then the ordinary hour for breakfast, and he resolved that it should arrive ere he appeared at the door of the cottage of St. Leonard's.

In a sequestered dell Butler observed a young man of perturbed aspect and violent demeanour; despair and guilt seemed to render him desperate; and after learning where Butler was bound, he conjured him to command Jeannie to meet him at Nicol Muschat's cairn, beneath St. Anthony's chapel, as soon as the moon should rise—she was to be alone—life and death depended upon the issue. Although Butler did not relish the idea of his betrothed wife going in night and loneliness to meet so turbulent a spirit, yet he delivered his message. Jeannie resolved, however terrified, to attend the summons.

After his interview with Jeannie at Deans' cottage, Butler repairs to the prison in which Effie is confined to demand an interview; but on account of his involuntary religious offices to Porteous, on

the night of his execution, he found himself detained in a strong room, instead of being admitted to Effie Deans in the Tol-booth. He was soon summoned to the council-chamber for examination; but after disclosing his rencounter with the stranger on the hill, who was that night to meet Jeannie in mystery and darkness, he was allowed to depart. A desperate villain of the name of Ratcliffe was deputed by the magistrates, who thought it best "to set a thief to catch a thief," to repair with a party to Muschat's cairn, to assist in the apprehension of the notorious George Robertson, who was conjectured to have been the father of Effie's child, and her seducer, the accomplice of Wilson, and his avenger during the late mob—where, disguised as Madge Wildfire, a crazy young gipsy, with whom he was in league, he led the gang to seize and hang Porteous. Ratcliffe's double dealing on this expedition was most conspicuous; with pretended anxiety to apprehend the criminal, yet with a sly endeavour to save his former friend and comrade, he succeeds in giving such notice to Robertson, as allows time for retreat; poor Jeannie alone is taken, and even she contrives, by the fleetness of her foot, to elude the unpleasant escort to prison. All that passed between her and the fugitive was an anxious supplication on his part, so far to deviate from the truth on Effie's trial, as to give evidence that her sister communicated her pregnancy to her, which would be sufficient to give her life and liberty. This perjury the religious and virtuous Jeannie refuses to commit—she even withstands the affecting prayers and importunities of Effie on her interview before the trial, to save her "young life," for Effie was not eighteen. All was unavailing—no tears could avail—no terrors disarm the rigid Jeannie. Her sister was found guilty—and condemned to die!

The subsequent scenes are most interesting and pathetic; Jeannie goes to bid farewell to her unhappy sister, and to unfold her romantic intention of journeying up to London, in order to beg her forfeited life of their majesties, through the duke of Argyll, whose grandfather's life was once saved by Butler's ancestor. The difficulty of procuring a few pounds for defraying her expenses induced her to apply to her extravagant admirer, the laird of Dumbiedikes. This case produced extraordinary exertion on his part—he unlocked his strong box, and displayed his hoards, and closed the whole by expressing his liberal determination of making her lady Dumbiedikes that very day—amazement succeeded to his liberality when she declined the honour, and ac-

knowledge herself attached to Butler, but merely begged the *loan* of a trifle till her father could repay it. Offended pride and avarice caused him instantly to turn the key on his treasures, and declare he would not waste his siller on other folks' jo's. Poor Jeannie departed, but was not far on her pedestrian journey when overtaken by the pony, bearing the laird in his dressing-gown and cocked-hat, who presented her with twenty guineas upon second thoughts. Our heroine now proceeded to London on her pious errand, and meets with little obstruction during the first part of her journey; but beyond Newark she is assailed by robbers—they convey her to a barn, where the two most fearful persons are Madge Wildfire, the ideotic person we noticed as being concerned with Robertson, and her mother, a horrible hag, desperate, revengeful, and cruel. Jeannie soon perceives they have been instrumental in the affair of poor Effie, yet she can learn nothing of the child. The next morning Madge proposes a walk to Jeannie whilst the gang are out; the latter hopes thereby to effect her escape, and accompanies her fantastic companion. They arrive at a village during service-time, and enter the church, where Jeannie implored the protection of the clergyman; he orders her to attend him at his house, promising an escort next day. The clergyman is a man of family and preferment—his son is in ill health, and in an adjoining room hears the conversation of Jeannie; he contrives to see her, and proves to be the identical George Robertson—the rescued criminal, the seducer of Effie, and the slayer of Poyzeus. When informed of Effie's condemnation, and the purport of Jeannie's journey, he offers to become the sacrifice, and begs Jeannie to purchase her sister's pardon, by delivering up so notorious a criminal. Shuddering at his crimes, and exhorting him to repentance, she resolves to keep his secret, and pursues her way to London, where she is received by her kinswoman, Mrs. Glass, and obtains an interview with the duke of Argyle. Her excellent understanding, simplicity of demeanour, Scottish garb, and, above all, the services of Butler's family to his grandfather, interest that excellent nobleman in her cause. He bids her plead her own cause to a lady who has great influence with the king, and takes her to Richmond, where she sees queen Caroline, and obtains a promise of her influence. Effie's pardon is obtained and sent to Scotland, whilst numberless benefits are showered upon Jeannie; her father is placed upon the property of the duke, and Butler obtains a kirk. The erring Effie, however,

is again missing; she is fled with Robertson, or rather young Staunton, who marries her; and, after a few years of education and high life, even her sister can scarcely recognise the former Effie in the elegant and fashionable lady Staunton. Sir George has reason to suppose his child was saved by being delivered to a gipsy during Effie's confinement at the vile Meg Murdochson's, the mother of Madge Wildfire. He travels to Scotland, and encounters Butler; none, however, recognise his identity with the notorious rebel who escaped punishment so many years ago; he is in ill health, and miserable in mind, and is killed in a scuffle near the house of Butler by some desperadoes, and it appears probable that he fell by the hand of his own son. This youth, wild and unmanageable, escapes from justice, and from the care of Mrs. Butler, and is heard of no more; whilst the Butlers reap the reward of their virtuous lives.

#### A LAWYER'S BILL.

A bill of costs from S. T. U.

To Z. M. R. now strictly due.

ATTENDING on your worship to	£. s. d.
Receive your charge to plead or no: -	0 6 8
Your honour then was out of town;	
The next day met you at the Crown. -	0 6 8
Perusing title-writings then; - - -	0 3 4
The Thursday after met again. - - -	0 6 8
The bill was filed, and I began, sir,	
To take instructions for your answer. -	0 14 6
Attendance, trouble, and my clerk -	0 9 2
Was forc'd to travel in the dark. -	0 14 6
Revising, altering, and so forth,	
You needs must own my labour worth	0 6 8
Was greatly pleas'd on second view; -	0 3 4
Again attended upon you. - - - -	0 6 8
Fair copy, closely wrote, twelve sheets;	
This, and th' original, completes. - -	4 4 0
Attending to peruse the same; - - -	0 6 8
Two hours waited ere you came. - -	0 3 4
Addendum of my servant's time; - -	0 2 6
Note, bees delight to live on thyme.	
Subpoenas, summons, and the rest; -	2 2 0
Attended once, completely drest. - -	0 14 6
Council, pleading, and the like; - -	4 4 0
For tipping fairly, pike and pike, - -	1 1 0
Fair copy of this placid bill, - - -	0 3 4
Porters, letters, servant Will. - - -	0 10 6
Expenses of our meetings you	
Discharg'd before-hand, nothing due.	

The full contents are strictly now paid,  
By client S. T. U. aforesaid.

A BRAVE Irish officer, in the greatest despair, for fear his honour might be doubted from his being wounded in the back, as he was turning round to give the word of command to his men, was thus comforted by a friend. "Don't *bodher* yourself about it, Dermot; they will think in the hurry that you put the back part of your coat before."



## The Tabard Inn, High Street, Southwark.



THE inns in Southwark were, perhaps, originally more numerous even than at present, on account of the number of pilgrims travelling to and from the shrine of St. Thomas a Becket, at Canterbury. Contiguous to the Town-hall, which faces Blackman-street, is the inn called the Talbot, designated by a spotted dog; but this, as well as the present appellation, are corruptions of the original *Tabard*, a kind of military coat without sleeves, by which sign and name it was known in the time of Chaucer, and mentioned by him in the "Canterbury Tales." On the frieze of the beam to which the sign was appended, till removed on forming the new pavement about 1767, was inscribed:—"This is the inn where sir Jeffrey Chaucer and the nine-and-twenty pilgrims lay in their journey to Canterbury, anno 1383."

The above engraving correctly represents its present appearance, and shows the inscription to which we have just alluded, which remains to this day. We never pass this celebrated hostel without involuntarily looking down its ancient gateway, and calling to mind the poet's pleasant description of the inn and its inmates:—

Defelle, that, in that seson on a day,  
In Southwerk at the Tabarde as I lay,  
Redy to wenden on my pilgrinage  
To Canterbury with devoute corage,  
At night was come into that hostilrie,  
Wel nine and twenty in a compaignie,  
Of sondry folk by aventure yfalle  
In felawship, and pilgrimes were they alle,  
That toward Canterbury wolden ride,  
The chambres and the stables werein wide,  
And wel we weren esed alle beste.

We shall conclude with a short biographical notice of Chaucer, the father of English poetry; who, to use the language of Warton, "appeared with all the lustre and dignity of a true poet, in an age which compelled him to struggle with a barbarous language and a national want of taste; and when to write verses at all was regarded as a singular qualification."

The parentage and education of Chaucer are involved in great obscurity, but it is probable he was born in London in the year 1328. It is thought he studied both at Oxford and Cambridge, and that he further improved himself by travelling in France and the Low Countries. On his return, he is supposed to have studied the law in the Temple; but he soon after obtained the post of *valetius* or yeoman to Edward III. John of Gaunt was his chief patron, the sister of whose mistress and subsequent wife, Catherine Swynford, Chaucer married, in 1360, and thenceforth made a speedy progress at court. From the exchequer he received an annuity of forty marks and was appointed gentleman of the king's privy chamber. In 1372, he was sent on a mission to Genoa, which enabled him upon his return to live in great affluence, but on the accession of Richard II. he lost his places, and was so reduced in circumstances as to be obliged to seek the royal protection against his creditors. At this time the city of London was divided into two parties, and Chaucer opposed the cause of the clergy with so much severity, that it was determined to apprehend him. He therefore fled to Zealand, suffered much distress, returned to England, was

thrown into prison, and disappointed by his former patron, the duke of Lancaster; but by disclosing the views of the reformed party, he obtained his liberty. Being much reduced, the poet retired to Woodstock, where he employed himself in revising and correcting his writings, and in this retreat spent the remainder of his life, except the ten last years, which he passed at Dunnington Castle. He was, however, at the return of the duke of Lancaster to court, restored to affluence and favour, and died when in London upon business in 1400, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the great south aisle. No monument was raised to the memory of this great man till a century and a half after his decease, when Nicholas Brigham, a gentleman of Oxford, a poet and admirer of Chaucer, erected a plain altar, at the north end of a magnificent recess formed by four obtuse arched angles. The inscription and figures are now almost obliterated.

### SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

#### CHEERFULNESS OF SEXTONS.

SEXTONS generally possess good memories, not only of persons, but also of things and circumstances. I do not mean to insist that their occupation confers this quality—but that it affords inducement towards it there can be no doubt, and this in their situation is an ample source of cheerfulness. To the sexton, death is so familiar—he frequently overlaps its physical effects in his contemplations. He goes with you from this grave to that—for every grave he hath an anecdote;—and if its tenant ever uttered a jest, the rogue remembers it, and repeats it with as much glee as if it had been the child of his own fancy, when in truth it has been only a foundling and nurse-child. He is a great relater of incidents, and therefore generally prattles—and your prattle is a glorious provocative to one kind of cheerfulness. In his mind, the dead and the living may be said to be both living; he is the master of the ceremonies—the major-domo, and introduces them to social intercourse; and, what is more, he equalizes all.—Your living peer and your dead peasant have a sympathy through his gossip; and the proud peer listens with real interest to the history of the departed peasant, whom in life he would have passed by unheeded. Can there be a kindlier office, or a more cheering and cheerful one, than that of such a go-between? How im-

portantly he conducts you through the labyrinths of his territory; he is the repository of the secrets of the dead, as to where they have hid themselves, except when the ostentatious tomb-stone blabs the secret. He attends you with as much ceremony as a connoisseur would assume in conducting you through the rarities of his gallery or museum. No one knows half so much as he does; he smiles at his conscious knowledge of the information you wish to obtain—he smiles more (at your ignorance of his triumph) when he has satisfied your interrogations—but oh what a smile is the last, when your half-crown tickles his hard palm; for then he dreams of the warm chimney-corner, and the foaming cup, and anon, drinks five fathom deep, in his chosen potation, to the health of curious strangers and inquisitive stragglers.

—“Your humble servant, Sir,” said a sexton to me, as I passed through the church-yard of B——, and, with a smile, the old man paused, and rested on the brink of a grave in which he had been busily employed, and wiped the dew from his brow. “Your humble servant, Sir,” said he again—apparently wishing to court conversation. I suppose he took me for a dead-hunter, and fancied I wished to pry into the secrets of his tenantry. There was a sedate foolery about his manner, which on second-thoughts invited me to make his acquaintance; he seemed to be a grave humorist—an obtuse jester.—“You are no servant of mine, though you may be humble,” said I, “I want none such. My time is not come. I am sweet, wholesome, locomotive, and still likely to remain so. Go to your earth-worms, and to them you may bend, cap in hand, and say, ‘your humble servant’—for you spread their banquet, and art a brave senneschal to their luxurious supper—old Life-in-death!” “Ha! Ha! Life in death—faith that’s good. Life in death, quotha”—said the old man, tickled by the epithet, to which he had unwittingly given the cue. We were on terms immediately; he was my chosen friend—my equal:—no more my humble servant.

How doth a smack of good-humour open the heart! The old fellow jumped on his hobby-horse of “graves, and tombs, and epitaphs”—(many a waggish rhyme he gabbled over to me)—and no improvisatore, with all his fire, ever gave more eloquent effusions than this old chronicler did in his way. I remember one of his epitaphs, on three children buried in one grave:—

Under this stone lie babies three,  
That God Almighty sent to me:

But they were seized by ague fits,  
And here they lie as dead as nits!

"You see, your honour," said he, "I am a bit of a wag."

"Heigho!—the days are gone—the days are gone."

Between a sigh and a chuckle, the rogue continued—"I am but a boy yet—I am but eighty-six,—I have had five wives, and they were all of them good ones. There was Margery the first—I mean my first wife's name was Margery—not that she was the first of Margeries;—oh! poor Margery! bless her blue eyes! there she lies with the violets and cowslips over her head. Then I had Joan;—ah! Joan was a rare good 'un. I liked her better, 'cause she kept Margery more in my mind, and I seemed to have two wives at once (and not against the law either.) There she lies—there she lies; and there I thought I should have lain too, 'till once on a time I saw Dorothy—and Dorothy won my heart, as I saw her milking the old red cow in the pasture, one fine May evening. In a week after I saw Dorothy, she and I became one. I was always an attractive one to the sweet sex.—Heigho! heigho! We spent many happy days together; but she, like the rest, one day gave me the slip, and—bless her black eyes, there she lies amongst the others with a handsome head and footstone. Then there was—let me see—who was the last I told your honour of? Margery, Joan, Dorothy, and—oh! Dorothy was the last I mentioned. Then there was Peggy and Bridget;—Bridget was the last of the flock; ah! bless 'em all—bless 'em all; there they are, all in a row; and I never let one grave have more violets than the other, though they spring the freshest over Margery, and so I am often transplanting from her to give to the rest. They were all of them good ones—all—all. Pray, your honour, how many wives have you had?—This home question struck me at the moment in a very odd way, not having at that period of my life been able to boast even of one-fifth part of the old man's late possessions.

It seemed to be a trick of the old man's calling to dwell on matters of this kind; and I almost fancied he married five wives for the chance of seeing their five violet-covered graves ranged in neat and becoming order in the chosen spot of all his contemplations. I indulged in a little further parley with this humorous rogue, and then bade him farewell; but not before he had gathered me a violet off each of the five graves, and placed them firmly in my button-hole.—*Monthly Magazine.*

## ACCOUNT OF THE PLAU, A BURMESE TRIBE.

AMONGST the tribes brought to more particular notice by recent events, is a race of some interest entitled *Plau*, the inhabitants of a district north-east of Pegue, called by the natives *Thaum-pe*, and by the Burmans *Tong-su*. The people have been occasionally encountered at Penang, to which they have been brought by the little commerce they carry on, but their country and condition were but imperfectly appreciated: we have been favoured with the following particulars with respect to them:—

The district of *Thaum-pe*, when conquered by the Burmans, received from them the appellation of *Tong-su*: it lies about twenty-five or thirty days' journey N.N.E. of Tongo, close on the borders of Siam and Laos. The chief town, bearing the name of the district, is situated about forty miles from the hills, and in N. lat. 19 deg.

The *Plau* are a distinct people from both the Siamese and Burmans, and from the neighbouring tribes, differing in language, feature, and character. They are shorter and less robust than the Burmans, and bear a greater resemblance to the Chinese than to any other people. Their dress partakes also of the Chinese costume: they wear their hair twisted into a knot like the Burmans, and are tattooed like those people and the Laos; like the former, also, they thrust small cylinders of wood or silver through holes made in the lobes of their ears. Their clothes are very usually quilted, which, they say, is made necessary by the frigidity of their climate. The people are a lively simple race, addicted to agricultural and commercial pursuits, and of very unwarlike propensities; they have therefore readily been reduced to subjection by the Burmans and Peguers, for whom they, nevertheless, entertain a profound contempt, and from whose rule, whenever it becomes very irksome or oppressive, they withdraw into the thick forests, and the mountains in their vicinity.

The *Plau* profess the faith of Buddha, and, like all Buddhists, burn their dead. Many of their customs, however, are peculiar, of which their marriages furnish an example.

Women are not immured in *Thaum-pe*; young men, therefore, pay addresses in person to the objects of their affection. When a youth fancies that the girl to whom he is attached favours his pretensions, he takes an opportunity of placing his silver bracelet before her; if she takes it up, he considers his suit accepted, and

immediately endeavours to obtain the consent of her parents to the union. Their approbation is the prelude to an entertainment, the prominent viands at which consist of poultry, buffalo, and cow beef, venison and other game, monkey's flesh, and large rats, which are found below the roots of the bamboo, on which they subsist. The feast, which lasts one or more days, according to the wealth of the parties, concludes with copious libations of an ardent spirit, distilled from rice, by a process nearly similar to that by which the Chinese distill samsoo. Marriage being with these people a purely civil contract, they do not require the attendance of a priest at the solemnization; but were it otherwise, which the invocation of superior powers at the ceremony might lead us to suspect was once the case, the priest of Buddha is absolutely forbidden to converse with a woman, or be present in the company of one.

Some old person, who has gained the respect of the society, gives a cup of weak spirit to each of the contracting parties, repeating certain invocations of benignant deities and geni, to prove propitious; and when they have drank the spirit, he ties their arms together by the wrist with a slender cord, which is the conclusion of the ceremony.

The province of Thaum-pe is governed by a Burman chief, who resides at the capital, which is stockaded, and contains about 5,000 inhabitants. The face of the country is flat, and tolerably clear. Rice is cultivated to an extent sufficient for the consumption of the district; there are numerous herds of cattle, and a considerable number of small horses; a few buffaloes are employed in agriculture.

Thaum-pe is exceedingly rich in raw produce of various descriptions. The people grow several kinds of cotton, one of which appears to be the brown or nankeen cotton; the tea plant is also cultivated, and the leaves are pickled; two sorts of indigo are grown, the creeping indigo, and the true. Blue is the prevailing colour of their dresses. Stick lac is brought down for sale by the *Plau*, in considerable quantities; and the silk-worm is reared, being fed on the leaf of a plant called *paja*. The forests contain a number of valuable trees, but the want of water-carriage renders this source of traffic unavailable. The mineral products of the mountains are more easily transported. Gold is found in the sands of the mountain streams; iron is abundant, and is smelted and wrought into swords, knives, and other implements; tin, after disappearing to the north of Tavai, again presents itself here, and is found, in con-

siderable quantities, in the beds of rivers, in the form of a fine black sand. The most productive mines, however, are those of lead; and from them, it is said, the Burman armies are wholly supplied; the ore is obtained in lumps, but in what state of combination we are not informed. The working of the mines is sufficiently rude, and nothing like a horizontal shaft is attempted; the *Plau* merely digging deep pits, till they come upon the veins. From these sources the annual exports to Rangoon are estimated at 1,20,000 rupees, and might, no doubt, be much extended. The *Plau* carry back from Rangoon and other Burman ports, salt, areca nuts, salt fish, broad-cloth, woollens, piece-goods, crockery, and spices.

A commercial intercourse is also maintained between Thaum-pe and China. Traders from the frontier districts of the latter bring spices, including the clove and nutmeg, silk, cloth, woollens, paints, paper, cutlery, and other articles, and take back the products of the country. They come annually in a caravan, consisting sometimes of a thousand persons, well armed; the merchandise is transported by asses and horses.

*Asiatic Journal.*

#### SONNET.

##### YOUTHFUL MEMORIES.

Yes, 'tis the gilliflower that blossoms here,  
Its perfume wafts me to the mellow eve,  
When love unfolded his celestial sphere,  
Making earth Paradise.—Still memory weaves  
Enchantment round the time where, by the tower  
Time-worn, and rent and ivy overgrown,  
I linger'd 'neath the elm for beauty's flower,  
And pressed the yielding soft hand in my own.  
'Twas life's bright essence—bliss, Elysian bliss,  
Enrulling valley and wood, and hope and  
thought;

It may have been an Iguis satuns gleam,  
Yet is its light reflected back to this,  
And, though such bloom no promised fruit hath  
brought,

We guess what Eden may be by such dream.

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

### The Selector;

OR,

#### CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

#### PRIVILEGE OF SANCTUARY.

SANCTUARY is said by ancient writers to have been first established in this island by Lucius, king of Britain, who is reported to have lived in the third century of the Christian era, but whose very existence is apocryphal. Spelman states that pope Boniface the fifth was the first

who commanded altars and palaces to be places of refuge for offenders. This was probably in imitation of the ordinance of Moses, which appointed three cities as a refuge for him "who should kill his neighbour unawares."

There were two kinds of sanctuary, one of a temporary and limited, another of a permanent and general nature.

Sanctuary appears at first to have been only intended to afford a temporary refuge for criminals until they could compromise their offence with their accusers; almost every crime, except malicious homicide, being under the Saxon laws redeemable for money.

In a council held under Ina, king of the West Saxons, A. D. 693, it was decreed, that if any one guilty of a capital crime took refuge in a church, his life should be spared, but that he should notwithstanding make such amends as the justice of his case might require; if his offence was of a nature only punishable with stripes, the stripes should be forgiven him. By the laws of king Alfred (A. D. 887) it was ordained, that if a man were guilty of a small offence, and fled to a church which did not belong to the king or the family of a private person, he should be allowed three nights to provide for himself, unless he could in the meantime make his peace. If any one during that period of immunity, should presume to inflict on him either bonds or blows, the person so violating the privilege of sanctuary, should pay the price set on the life of a man by the laws of the country, and also 120s. to the officiating ministers of the church.

If the ministers had need of their church in the meantime for holy offices, of the benefit of which a criminal under such circumstances, it is presumed, had no right to partake, he was to be put into a house which had no more doors in it than the church itself, in order that he should not acquire by the exchange a better chance of escape; "the Elder," as he is termed, or civil warden of the church taking care that no sustenance should be afforded to him. But if he would "surrender himself and his weapons to his accusers," that is, I conceive, make such submission as might convince them that he would seek no farther occasion of doing them injury, he was to be preserved harmless for *thirty nights*, and then delivered to his kinsmen. So that it may be inferred, the privilege of sanctuary was at first intended simply to preserve a criminal from that summary revenge which might, in the heat of the moment, be taken by an injured party, and to allow his friends to make the best

terms for him in their power. It was also further decreed, that whoever should fly to a church and confess, from a penitential reverence of the Deity, any crime of which he had been guilty, half the penalty of such crime should be remitted to him.

On the whole, therefore, it may be concluded that from the time of the Saxon kings, under certain modifications, churches and church-yards were a refuge for offenders, and the privilege of the temporary sanctuary afforded by them may be stated as follows:—

To those guilty of sacrilege or treason, it was for obvious reasons denied. Within the space of forty days the person who had embraced the sanctuary afforded by churches and their precincts was to clothe himself in sackcloth, confess his crime before the coroner, solemnly abjure the realm, and taking a cross in his hand repair to an appointed port, embark, and quit the country. If apprehended or brought back in his way thither, within forty days he had a right to plead his privilege of sanctuary and to claim a free passage.

If the offender neglected this appeal to the coroner, and remained in the sanctuary after the forty days limited, it became felony for any one to afford him sustenance.

The coroner was to take the abjuration of the criminal at the church door, in the following form, which acquaints us with some curious particulars:—

"This hear thou, Sir Coroner, that I *M.* of *H.* am a stealer of sheep or of any other beast, or a murderer of one or more, and because I have done many such evils and robberies in this land, I do abjure the land of our lord Edward, king of England, and I shall haste me towards the port of such a place which thou hast given me; and that I shall not go out of the highway, and if I do, I will that I be taken as a robber and a felon of our lord the king; and that at such place I will diligently seek for passage, and that I will tarry there but one flood and ebb, if I can have passage; and unless I can have it in such a place, I will go every day into the sea up to my knees, assaying to pass over, and unless I can do this within forty days I will put myself again into the church, as a robber and a felon of our lord the king, so God me help and his holy judgment."

In an ancient law book, "*Horne's Mirrour of Justices*," is the following particular account of the privilege of temporary sanctuary, by which it further appears that it was not indiscriminate:—  
"If any one fly to sanctuary and there

demand protection; we are to distinguish; for if he be a common thief, robber, murderer, night-walker, or be known for such a one, and discovered by the people, and of his pledges and denizens, or if any one be convict for debt or other offence upon his own confession, and hath forgored the realm, or hath been exiled, banished, outlawed, or waived, or joined upon this hope to be defended in sanctuary, they may take him out thence, without any prejudice of the franchise of sanctuary. But in the right of offenders who by mischance fall into an offence mortal out of sanctuary, and for their true repentance run to monasteries and commonly confess themselves sorrowful, king Henry II., at Clarendon, granted unto them, that they should be defended by the church for the space of forty days, and ordained that the towns should defend such flyers for the whole forty days, and send them to the coroner at the coroner's view."

This authority farther states that it was at the election of the offenders "to yield to the law; or to acknowledge his offence to the coroner and the people, and to waive the law; and if he yield himself to be tried by law, he is to be sent to the gaol, and to wait for either acquittal or condemnation; and, if he confess a mortal offence and desire to depart the realm, he is to go from the end of the sanctuary ungirt in pure sackcloth, and there swear that he will keep the strait way to such a port or such a passage which he hath chosen, and will stay in no parts two nights together, until that for this mortal offence which he hath confessed in the hearing of the people he hath avoided the realm, never to return during the king's life, without leave, so God him help, and the holy Evangelists; and afterwards let him take the sign of the cross and carry the same, and the same is as much as if he were in the protection of the church, and if any one remain in the sanctuary above the forty days, by so doing he is barred the grant of abjuration, if the fault be in him, after which time it is not lawful for any one to give him victuals.

"And although such be out of the peace of the king, yet none ought to dishearten them, all one as if they were in protection of the church, if they be not found out of the highway wilfully breaking their oaths, or to do other mischief in the highway."

The statutes of Edward II. recite that those who had sought refuge in churches were sometimes watched so closely in the church-yards by armed men, that they could not procure any sustenance, nor de-

part from the hallowed ground "*caused superflui depōnendi*;" on their declaration that they abjured, it was directed that they should be allowed liberty for these purposes, and be considered in the king's peace.

So much for the temporary sanctuary afforded by churches and consecrated ground.—*Kempe's Historical Notices of the Church of St. Martin-le-Grand.*

## DEAF AND DUMB.

IN former volumes of the MIRROR,\* we have detailed, at some length, the various systems for the education of the Deaf and Dumb, and it is with pleasure we again refer to the important subject. Our attention has been called to a very interesting little volume on the instruction of these unfortunates; and to individuals immediately concerned in the discussion, or to the curious inquirer in general, it will convey much valuable information. The author is Mr. Young, master of a private establishment for the Deaf and Dumb at Peckham. The treatment exercised by this gentleman is of the most kind and tender nature, and the facility with which ideas are conveyed to the mind is admirably calculated to realize the highest hopes of the parent, and reward the tutor's exertions with permanent success. From the "Concise Explanation of the Method of Instructing the Deaf and Dumb in the knowledge of a written language upon Simple and Rational Principles," we will take an extract or two; and conclude with recommending the work to our numerous readers, to which we may add, that the approbation of our most celebrated scientific ornaments of the day has been bestowed upon the little work, which is regarded by them as replete with truism and valuable remark.

## TREATMENT OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

I WOULD strenuously recommend that the deaf and dumb infant enjoy as much of his parents' *personal* care and regard as the other children of the family; for although naturally different from them by an organic defect, let him have no cause, as far as you can avoid it, to *feel* that difference. Let him see that you view him as occupying a place in the family of equal importance with the other children, and that you strongly discountenance every attempt to take advantage of his calamity. If you have company, do not

\* See vol. iii. pp. 147, 161, 196, and p. 392, vol. v.



let his affliction induce you to exclude him alone, merely because you apprehend that his inarticulate noises may be offensive or his gestures troublesome; for by thus excluding him from all opportunities for observation, you strengthen the barrier which nature has opposed to the expansion of his mental faculties, and effectually check that natural inquisitiveness and disposition for inquiry, which it is so desirable should exist when education is to commence. But to return to our pupil.

#### METHOD OF INSTRUCTION.

In order to illustrate the difference between the expressions *I do walk*, and *I am walking*, the teacher while performing the act will assert with energy and emphasis, that he is in the act of walking, pronouncing at the same time in a positive manner, *I do walk*. To show the meaning of *I am walking*, he will put aside all stress and emphasis both in his manner of walking and speaking, simply pronouncing in an easy way, *I am walking*; by thus marking the difference in a distinct and forcible manner, the pupil will be enabled, when he himself wishes to express the act, either as simply in performance, or as a positive assertion, to use the correct form. In a similar manner, may the analogous forms of the past tense be explained.

In order to ascertain whether this lesson has been understood, the teacher may propose a walk with his pupil in the garden, or elsewhere, when the latter may be required to name the act in reference to himself and his teacher, both singly and conjointly. On the morrow he may be required to express the past action of the preceding day. The teacher may also further exercise him by means of questions such as the following, the import of the question, if not clearly understood, being explained by signs. *Are you walking? Am I walking? Is he walking? Are we walking? Have you walked today? Did you walk yesterday? Did you walk last —? Shall you walk next —? &c.* When the pupil can answer correctly questions of this description, he may proceed to another verb, and go through a similar portion of it as before. The verb *to jump*, being susceptible of obvious illustration, may come next: then from this the pupil may go to the verb *to wash*, &c.; the teacher frequently exercising the pupil by requiring him to show the application of the various forms in sentences of his own construction, and also by putting to him questions in every suitable variety of form.

But there are actions of mind as well as

of body, and the pupil has yet to learn that not only visible objects, qualities, and actions are expressible by words, but that mental operations and feelings are equally capable of being so expressed. The pupil, therefore, may be presented with some verb indicating mental feeling, and to begin with, that which admits of the easiest exemplification should be chosen. The verb *to want*, will be very suitable, and the pupil may write it out as far as the skeleton form extends, but without reference thereto, and the teacher must endeavour to convey the meaning of the verb by some significant gesture, accompanied by the appropriate expression of desire in the countenance. There may, however, here be some liability to ambiguity, and therefore in order to be quite certain that the correct idea has been affixed to this verb, before another is proposed, the teacher must seek an opportunity of observing when the pupil himself desires to express this idea by his own signs, and then seize the occasion to demand from him, or to exhibit to him, if need be, the written form. Indeed it should all along be the object of the teacher, when conversing with his pupil, to avail himself of every occasion that presents itself to ascertain how far the correct ideas have accompanied the words which have been learned, by requiring from him a translation of every phrase which he employs that can be translated by those words. Time should every day be set apart for familiar conversation, with this object expressly in view; indeed, this should be considered as a most important part of the teacher's duty, and it will be found of more advantage to the pupil, even than the formal lessons of the day. It is in fact the only way in which the good effects of the teacher's labours can be decidedly verified, and the pupil's mistakes discovered and corrected.

#### The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff." — Woolton

THERE was a widow and her daughter-in-law, and a man and his son. The widow married the son, and the daughter the old man; the widow was, therefore, mother to her husband's father, and consequently grandmother to her own husband. They had a son to whom she was a great grandmother. Now, as the son of a great grandmother must be either a grandfather or great uncle, this boy was, therefore, his own grandfather.

THE following Epitaph to the memory of John Spong, a carpenter, is copied from the church-yard of Ockham:—

Who many a sturdy oak hath laid along,  
Fell'd by Death's surer hatchet, here lies  
Spong.

Posts oft he made, yet ne'er a place  
could get,

And liv'd by railing, though he was no  
wit,

Old saws he had, although no anti-  
quarian,

And styles corrected, yet was no gram-  
marian.

WILLIAM, DUKE OF CUMBERLAND, gave promises of talents that were never accomplished. One day he had given some offence to his royal mother, and was remanded to the confinement of his chamber. After what the queen thought a sufficient duration of his punishment, she sent for him. He returned in a very sullen humour. "What have you been doing?" said the queen. "Reading." "What book?" "The New Testament." "Very well; what part?" "Where it is said, *Woman, why troublest thou me?*"

Two gentlemen who visited the great itinerant Tea-kettle (which contained a Canjera Obacura), demanded of the old woman, what they had to pay; "Why, Sir," said she, "'tis thus, gentlemen and ladies pay a shilling; but common folks, servants, and children, pay sixpence." "Here, then," said one of the gentlemen, "take my admittance-money;" in so saying, he gave her sixpence only.—"I suppose this," said he, "will do." "Oh, certainly, Sir," said the old Scotch woman; "everybody has a right to appreciate themselves as they look."

GLOVER, a celebrated dancing-master, being in company with Picard, the fencing-master, and the conversation turning upon their different professions, each one supported the superiority of his talent over that of the other; at length words rose very high, and it was agreed to determine the dispute by arms next morning in Hyde-park. The combatants met; when Picard drew his sword, Glover drew his *kat*, and began to play a minuet, saying; "Why don't you dance?" Picard was very angry, exclaiming, "He did not understand being trifled with;" "No," said Glover, "I don't trifle with you, this proves the su-

periority of my profession, as you can do nothing without an opponent, whereas I can amuse without the assistance of any one."

### QUICK AND THE DEAD.

A NEAT, plain, little angular tombstone is placed in the church-yard of St. Paul's, Covent-Garden, to the memory of the late Miss Sherry, of Drury-lane Theatre. The pyramid is black marble, on which is placed a dimidiated white part of the same stone; on the base is cut a short encomium on her abilities as an actress, and her virtues as a private character. That genuine son of humour, Ned Shuter, lays in the same church-yard, without even a stone to point out the spot!

At the interment of the above celebrated comedian, the crowd that passed after the service was over, to take a last look at their justly admired favourite, was so exceeding great, that those who stood nearest were in danger of being pushed into the grave, among which number was Mr. Quick, who not liking his situation, turned round to those behind him, and requested they would bear, and not be so inhuman as to bury the Quick with the dead!

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAWINGS from our friends W. C.—s; J. Dunne; Mr. Dunne; and Bailie Nicol Jarvie, have reached us, and shall be forwarded to the engraver.

If *Viator* could procure us a sketch of the picturesque object, it would greatly enhance the value of his communication.

An engraving is preparing to illustrate *M. H.'s* paper, which shall appear in a week or two. Mr. Burden's communications must be reconsidered. We will, however, decide as early as possible.

The following are intended for early insertion:—*Matilda*; *Tim Tobykin*; *G. W. N.*; *F. R. Y.*; *Janet*; and *J.*

*Chrononhotonthologos*; *C. B.—g*; *H. S.*; *E. Stahl Schmidt*; *Francis John*; *Julian*; *Servants*; *R. G. S. S.*; and *M. M. M.* are under consideration.

*S. T. B.* shall be attended to; and we shall be happy to receive his promised communication.

For various reasons, the following are deemed inadmissible:—*Lines to Margaret*; *Mu*; *M. F. T.*; *K. I. B.*; *P.*; *The Three Black Crowes*; *Omleron*; *Bill Moody*; *G. U. Y.*; *S. H.—g*; *Joseph*; *C. F.—*; and *The Stormy Morning*.

The following letters are just arrived:—*Types*; *D. G.*; *F. R. Y.*; *Janet*; *E. Clarke*; *P.*; *Ripston*; and *W. L.—g*.

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